

WOMEN'S INTEREST

The Empire of Fashion

Paris Still Leads, But Her Days Are Numbered, American Designers Say.

Paris, September 15. Paris is still considered as far as the French world is concerned, but there is still a sufficient number of visiting Americans here to keep the shopping district busy and comfortably fill the reception rooms of the dressmakers. Considering the duty that comes to a Parisian gown and the fact that after all American women adopt a style quite unlike that of the Parisians, it is curious that so many Americans should buy gowns in Paris. And, aside from the individual buyer, there seems to be no firm manufacturing gown or dressmaker of the slightest importance who does not invest more or less heavily in Paris models. Even while they are picking out these models, commenting on them, paying for them, they are busy pulling them to pieces, and expressing doubts as to whether they will "suit" the American trade.

It was rather amusing to find in the workshop of a famous Paris couturier an American designer, born in New York; amusing, too, to find that she was a most ardent and patriotic exponent of the theory that the United States can produce its own fashions and ones much better suited to the tastes of its women than those created abroad. And yet she was working for comparatively no salary to learn the secrets of French designing and the famous French "line." When asked to explain this apparent inconsistency, she said:

"Fashions are not created any more; they are simply adapted. No entirely new fashions have been produced in France since the downfall of royalty. When a queen's figure governed the shape of skirts or a scar on a royal cheek brought beads into vogue we could be said to have a distinct mode, suited to a distinct period. This is impossible to-day, for the reason that there are too many styles of face and figure and too many tastes to please. So fashions are no longer created; they are adapted, and every source, every epoch in history, is drawn on for this purpose. To-day, for instance, modes of the First Empire and the Modern Age are equally important, and they are both equally unsuited for the average American woman.

"The American woman doesn't stand 'dressing up' as the French woman does. She is accused of extravagance in dress and of caring too much for clothes, but in truth she doesn't spend one-tenth, I don't believe one-hundredth, part of the time on them that the French woman does. That is one reason why she does not stand 'dressing up'; she doesn't practise it enough. Another reason is that the lines of her figure are too pronounced. The French woman, to put it differently, her type is too pronounced, too independent, too modern, to suit many historical fashions. That is why she needs her own fashions, not adaptations of centuries back, but modes of this century suited to her environments—the climate she lives in and the social life of her country.

"The designers have found this out—and, by the way, there are very few French dressmakers; most of the famous Paris houses have Austrians or Hebrews at their heads—to a certain extent they cater to American tastes and the American climate. But I honestly believe that it will not be many years before the French designers and hats both designed and made up in America, and I am here trying to learn how to do it. We are not yet masters of the art of designing or of cutting, and the French are. Our tailored suits and our shirtwaists are probably the best in the world, but we lack that sympathetic touch in the handling of materials and colors that they seem to have on this side of the water. Some claim that it is climate, or tradition, or the surroundings of art and beauty; we have got to acquire it before the American woman will be satisfied with home made clothes.

Among the most fashionable color combinations this season is one that has always been a favorite with American women, and that is red and dark blue. Blue cloth or serge trimmed with red is popular. An excellent gown to wear is a combination of equally conspicuous in elaborate materials. A private order made up in dull red Liberty satin was veiled with dark blue mousseline de soie.

About eight inches from the hem of the blue skirt started a band of woolen embroidery done in blue, red and black; this was about eight inches deep in front, rising higher on the sides. The skirt, which started from a high waistline, was gathered on to this, and where it reached the trimming was a line of black gauze ribbon, with a big rosette on each side. The belt was made of a drapery of mousseline de soie, and there was a smaller rosette on each side a little to the back. The bodice was cut out in a deep square décolletage front and back; it was made entirely of the embroidery, and under it was a deep-seamed plain red velvet, cut out in turn to show a gulme and undersleeves of pale cream Chantilly lace. The sleeves were short and close, the undersleeve barely covering the elbow.

The one-piece gown is not conspicuous among the new fashions. However, there is always in Paris at least a demand during the winter for a style of costume that can be worn with a handsome fur set. For certain afternoon functions something in the nature of a one-piece gown is more suitable than a two-piece suit, and it certainly shows off a fur set to better advantage than a coat and skirt suit. In the first place, they were made of black satin, instead of the more usual thin white stuff, and the sleeves were long, very close and wrinkled a little into the side seams. Over the hands they finished in points made of a fine soutache embroidery or net. The front of the gown was cut out in a pointed décolletage, and this was lined with a black satin stock, high and wrinkled about the throat.

The new ecop bonnets are taking on immensely. The most fashionable shapes are those turning up in the back to show the arrangement of the hair. There are many draped turbans, and a queer little fashion is a bit of the drapery falling down the back with a tasseled end. This recalls the funny little trains that many of the evening gowns show, the gown short with the exception of a narrow panel or a point lying on the floor and ornamented with one or two tassels.

ETHELYN MIDDLETON.



MISS DELIA TORREY, AUNT OF PRESIDENT TAFT, WHO HOPES TO HAVE ALL HER NEPHEWS AT HER BIRTHDAY PARTY.

NOT A CHAUFFEUR

Miss White Demands Equal Pay and Title Chauffeur.

Miss Natalie White, of No. 171 West 71st street, the only chauffeuse in New York City, is a most entertaining young woman, with very decided ideas about woman suffrage.

"No, indeed!" she cried, as she swung her car around Columbus Circle. "I believe in a woman being a woman always—just the dear, sweet little homemaker that she was meant to be. Do you know whom the women would vote for every time if they had a vote? They'd vote for the handsome man."

Then she laughed and untied the big chiton bow under her chin, so that the long ends waved picturesquely in the breeze.

"This is the way I love to wear it," she exclaimed. "When I am downtown I have to wear a very proper little Panama hat, but I made this little bonnet myself and I love to wear it."

It did look very coquettish, with the big blue license badge pinned over one ear. She wore heavy, high boots, because she loved them, too, and also, because, she explained, "You have to have something to support your ankles when you press hard against the brake."

"Livery? Oh, well," she continued, "if any employer should ever insist on my wearing a certain kind of fur coat and a plain cap, of course I would. I don't believe any one would demand anything more. I expect my employers to remember

why can't I call myself a chauffeur? I'm going to, anyway! And I mean to get just as much money as a man, too. Why shouldn't I, if I do a man's work? Oh, no, no, no! That isn't women's rights at all. I don't believe in them a bit. I'm not a suffragette."

Miss White is not the only woman in the city who has ever taken out a chauffeur's license. Other women have done so who wanted to be duly qualified to run their own cars, but Miss White has actually obtained a place to run some other person's car. She won't tell their names, as she wishes to spare them notoriety, but she says they are a nice, quiet little family, who do not approve of joy riding, and are all broad-minded enough to believe that Miss White can drive their new car just as well as a man. Why not, with all her experience? Has she not driven over a thousand miles without running over anything but a chicken? She decided to become a professional, she says, to keep her out of the stage. Her family didn't take to the footlights, so she made up her mind to find something else she liked just as well. She has always been "crazy" to have an automobile, but as she couldn't afford it, she is going to be a chauffeur and drive some one else's car. She expects to begin work to-morrow or next day, just as soon as the car, which is a new one, is ready.

MOTHERS FALL IN LINE

The Season's Programme Includes a Suffrage Discussion.

The suffrage fever has invaded even the New York City Mothers' Club, and its new programme, just out, announces that one session this winter will be devoted to a



MISS NATALIE WHITE, WHO WILL GO TO WORK AS A CHAUFFEUR THIS WEEK. (Photograph by the American Press Association.)

that I am a woman always, and if they don't treat me right I sha'n't keep the job." This engaging young woman, who is saluting forth so bravely into the ranks of the employed, has a great love for motoring and only vague ideas of the possibilities of unpleasantness ahead of her. She confesses she would love to go on a long tour through the mountains, but she looked surprised at the idea of having to eat in the second dining room.

"Oh, well, I simply wouldn't do it. I'd board myself first," she said.

She expects to do all the work on the machine herself, too. She just loves wheels and punctures and valves, and thinks it would be great fun to sit in the mud on a country road during a thunderstorm and mend a tire. Even cleaning brass would be a pleasure to her—though she does prefer nickel on a car.

"Of course," she said, "I want to take all the care of my car. Then I'd feel it was really mine. I couldn't bear to have any one else work on it. I want to know every inch of it and just what condition it is in."

"Oh, dear, no! I never got held up for overspending! I did I'd just smile sweetly at the police and say, 'Why, I didn't know I was going so fast!'"

The car sped along the drive, and Chauffeur 19690 laughed delightedly as people smiled at her skillful management of the big car in the crowd.

"They don't know who I am, though, do they?" she giggled. "They just think I am an ordinary girl, driving her own car, instead of what is it you called me?—the only chauffeuse in New York City. Only I'm not a chauffeuse; I'm a chauffeur. I don't know how to pronounce the other word, anyway, and it sounds silly. I can run a car just as well as a man, so

discussion of votes for women. Mrs. Kate Upson Clarke and Mrs. Anna Gerlin Spencer will appear for the "movement" and club membership will supply "ants" to answer the arguments. In order that the discussion may not result in the disruption of the club, it has been arranged that it should take place at the last meeting of the season, on May 8.

The meetings are to be held at the Hotel Astor and the first one is scheduled for October 10, when Charles J. Pickett, Ph. D., will discuss "Vocational Training for Boys" and Ell W. Weaver will talk about "Careers for Coming Men and Women." At later meetings Miss Elizabeth Burchenal will talk about "Athletics for Girls," Dr. James Parton Haney, director of art instruction in the public schools of Manhattan and Queens, will tell the mothers how to make their homes beautiful, and Frank Alvah Parsons, of the New York School of Fine and Applied Arts, will talk about "Art as a Factor in Education."

The annual election will take place in March, and Mrs. James P. Cahen, who has held the office of president for three years, says she is going to insist on a successor.

PAY-AS-YOU-ENTER PURSE.

One of the novelties of the season is the tiny pay-as-you-enter purse. This dainty square of leather is no bigger than a pill box and hangs from a ring on the finger by a thin chain of gold, silver or some baser metal. It contains two round metal receptacles inside its lids, one for dimes and one for nickels. A slight pressure upon the spring of either receptacle frees the coin beneath its spring, so that only one coin is produced at a time, thus saving a woman much annoyance and the car conductor much trouble.

IN LONDON.

"Did you present your letter of introduction to Lady Gay?"

"No, but I expect to in the course of a month or so."

"Why the delay?"

"She's in jail."—Herper's Bazaar.



THE TORREY HOMESTEAD AT MILLBURY, MASS.

"Aunt Delia's" Birthday

President Taft's Aged Relative Will Reach Eighty-fifth Milestone on Friday.

By Waldon Fawcett.

Miss Delia Torrey, of Millbury, Mass., his brothers, allowed nothing to interfere with his attendance upon the annual family reunions at Millbury, and newspaper readers will recall his farewell visit to his mother and "Aunt Delia" just before setting out on his trip around the world. Since he has been President Mr. Taft has made a number of visits to Millbury, and "Aunt Delia" has counted all along on having all her nephews in attendance at her birthday party, although it has not yet been possible to determine whether official engagements will permit this.

President Taft's admiration for his eldest relative naturally brings to mind his spirited defence of unmarried women as necessary and useful members of society. In a number of addresses delivered at schools and colleges for young women, the President has rather gone out of his way to impress upon his fair auditors that it is not the part of good judgment for them to regard marriage as the sole end and aim of their existence. He has not mentioned names, but it does not seem unreasonable to suppose that "Aunt Delia" was not far from his thoughts on these occasions.

AUTUMN RECIPES.

Only finely flavored, tart apples should be selected for canning. Pare, quarter and core a peck of them. Put them into a preserving kettle with a quart of water and as soon as the water begins to boil drain the kettle back where the fruit will cook slowly for a quarter of an hour. Stir it frequently. Add a quart of sugar and cook fifteen minutes longer. Seal in hot, sterilized jars.

For spiced apples use the little wild apples which are not good for any other purpose and freeze the stems and seeds and put one or two cloves in each apple. Cover with vinegar and sugar, using a pound of sugar to a quart of vinegar, and boil until the apples can be pierced with a straw. Take them off the fire and put the fruit into a stone crock. Add to the hot syrup an ounce of whole cassia buds and half an ounce of nutmeg for every quart of vinegar. Pour this boiling hot, spicy syrup over the apples and set them away where they will cool as soon as possible. They will be ready to use in a day or two.

To can pears, allow a heaping cupful of sugar and a pint of water to every can of fruit. Have ready sterilized glass jars that are still very hot and standing in boiling hot water. Prepare a syrup from the water and sugar, adding the juice and peel of a lemon to every four cupful of sugar. The peel should be cut in thin strips and freed from all white rind. When the syrup is ready, drain the pears, add the lemon peel which is usually somewhat tasteless without it. The juice of the lemon is little or no distinctive flavor to the fruit.

The following recipe for canned tomatoes comes from a country woman who says she has put up tomatoes by it year after year and never lost a can. Select only tomatoes of the best quality—no overripe. After removing the skins and slicing put them into a porcelain lined kettle. Let them boil for fifteen or sixteen minutes. Add a few spoonfuls of sugar and a little salt. Put them into hot sterilized jars, taking care to break the slices as little as possible, and seal. After sealing turn the jars upside down to see that the juice escapes and that the receptacle is thoroughly airtight. The greatest carelessness is necessary in this step, as anything in connection with the canning, and the expedition is also necessary so that the fruit may be completely sterilized. The fruit is still very hot. A careless canner can never make a success of this work. If she occasionally does succeed, it is only through a stroke of good luck.

CARE OF BEAD FRINGES.

Gowns adorned with the new bead fringed will need more than ordinary care or the beauty of these garnitures will soon be marred by spaces occupied only by fluttering threads. So great is the propensity of these fringes for catching on anything and everything in their vicinity that in the shops they are often kept sewed in strips of cheesecloth. This is a wise precaution to take unless the gowns are kept entirely covered when not in use. There is never greater danger of disaster than when two or more fringed gowns are hung together without any protective coverings, for the neighboring fringes are sure to probe the natural perversity of handmaids' objects by becoming inextricably tangled up with each other.

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JUVENILITY OF MAN

He Acts as if He Had Sipped the Fountain of Youth.

"One evening I chanced to be conversing with a man who was a classmate of my uncle's at Yale," said the young woman who isn't a debutante. "I don't know how old my uncle is, but he has a son nearly old enough to vote. And in the case of this particular man I always had guarded myself against saying 'sir.' Somehow, the question came up as to ages, and the gentleman complacently observed that with the same number of years a woman was so much older than a man. By dint of judicious prodding I was interested to discover that from the point of view of age he regarded himself and me as evenly matched.

"Since then I have found that the general run of men share his optimistic attitude of mind; a bald headed old codger will shake his head and allude to the girl of twenty-five as 'no chicken,' but while he has a tooth or a hair he never seems to feel himself on the retired list.

"The chronicle of juvenile debauchery acts as if he had sipped of the fountain of perpetual youth. To be sure, modern conditions aid and abet the delusion. The society hostess, in her mad scramble for dancing men ready, willing and anxious to trip the fantastic all night and report for business the next day, must needs call in not only the lame, the halt and the blind, but likewise the aged. Yet these elderly beans fail to fathom the fact that they are invited merely that the new influx of debutantes may not be wall flowers while the dance goes on. The bachelor of thirty-five or forty showers his transitory attentions upon Sweet Eighteen with never a thought that as she listens to his time-worn compliments, the same her aunt used to hear, her eyes are straying wistfully beyond, where her girl friend sits rapturously engaged in conversation with a callow Yale freshman home for his first vacation. The elderly bachelor, conscious of his savoir faire, his knowledge as a man of the world, feels himself qualified to charm any woman from sixteen to sixty; he blindly ignores the instinctive, unreasoning call of youth to youth.

"As I look at the men and women about me it seems to me that under equal conditions both women and men age at the same pace. True, an overworked wife and mother, burdened with duties beyond her strength, may very well grow old before her time; but equally so does her helpmeet, the man who has slaved in a dingy office year after year with little relaxation or vacation. True, too, the man at fifty who has climbed his way in business or the professions is just at the zenith of his powers; but are not our women's clubs and societies for various branches of civic improvement headed by attractive, intelligent matrons of fifty and over? On every side one sees women who, after the children are grown and have flown from the home nest, seem to take on a new lease of life and enter with vigor into the enjoyment of travel and study which perhaps was denied them in early womanhood. Modern conditions favor a woman surviving her husband. Is it to be presumed from that, as our smug masculine contemporaries would have us think, that most of her years are spent in senility?"

LITTLE HINTS.

When soaking beans overnight for baking some housewives add a tiny pinch of soda to the water they soak in.

A fish salad is often sprinkled with capers.

As a "special" for a children's Sunday night supper, sweeten some plain bread dough, sprinkle with currants and bake like ordinary bread.

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Some Ways of the World

The chairman of a sports committee declares that running a woman's schedule of events in tennis or golf for a season adds ten years to the life of each member of the committee and reams to their knowledge of womanhood. "The average woman," says the chairman, "cares only for the prize she wins and not for her progress in the game, except as it means to an end—namely, the prize. So, when an event is played off, unless a prize is up, she will default at tennis, or tear up her card at golf, saying that there is no incentive to win. The members of a golf team have more pride about keeping up to the mark and being sporty enough to play for the glory of their club than for the same club who are not on the team, but this feeling seems to vanish as soon as connection with the team comes to an end. Then they become mug hunters again, and insist on something being up for even friendly matches. Their opponents are no longer foes, and unless something is to be won away from them there is no snap in the game or reason for it. The joy of bettering one's own score is one not known to this class of sportswomen, for they have more of the gambling than of the sporting spirit."

The debutante has no more hated rival than the old belle, for to the girl just out the one who is past twenty-five deserves that title, besides such elegant appellations as "kidnapper" and "body-snatcher" are bestowed upon her by those who think they should have all the attention because they are younger. The very young man gravitates naturally toward the debutante, but to men a trifle older, or even to those who wish to be thought older, she is not even amusing, and as the old belle is still active in the line of sports, possibly dances divinely and usually has acquired tact and kindness, she is more attractive to all save the mere boys. When a belle reaches the "dinner age" then she is the most fascinating to the men she knows, if she is witty, without being caustic, and then does she have the best time of her life, for she is in constant demand among the hostesses of every set. And as a dinner no girl is ever the wallflower she might be at a ball, nor is this girl a wallflower should the dinner go

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